

Poetry.

From the New York Christian Advocate and Journal.

THE following Hymns, by the *SHEPHERDESSES*, whose poetical effusions have been so favorably received by our readers, are recommended as being very appropriate to be used and sung at the approaching Centenary of Methodism, and are therefore published at this time, that those who choose may avail themselves of them. The fourth hymn is well adapted for the day which may be set apart for taking donations and subscriptions, and the three others to be used on the day for the purely religious services of the occasion.

CENTENARY HYMNS.

PART 1st. L. M.

Hail ! people favored of your God ;
Turn back the leave of former age,
And trace the pathway ye have trod ;
For mercy shines on every page.

Behold ! the God of Israel's host,
Who brought them forth from Egypt's night,
Has made his strength thy only boast,
And led thee on by his own might.

Dark error held o'er thee her reign,
The angel Mercy saw and wept ;
But bigot zeal, and lucre gain,
Her hand of rescue from thee kept.

But lo ! our Moses now appears :
And Wesley's potent name he bears,
Redeeming mercy checks her tears,
And him for our release prepares.

He comes ! the captain of our band,
In wisdom skilled to meet his foes,
And lo ! through God, at his command,
Dark error quails where'er he goes.

His Aaron too, stands by his side,
Together they God's message show,
By both is Egypt's power defied,
And God says, " Let my people go."

In vain opposing foes unite,
'Twas Israel's God that through them spoke,
The Lord's redeemed assert their right,
And hail the light that o'er them broke.

PART 2d. S. M.

The cloud of mercy rose,
The eye of God was there,
And now, though fiends and men oppose,
Dauntless their wrath they dare.

Hail ! mighty men of God !
The glory of your age !
Your gaze was fixed, and on ye trod,
Though powers of darkness rage.

Though few your forces were,
There were some iron hearts,
Who nobly rose with you to dare
The proud oppressor's darts.

The cross—its bliss—its shame,
The ensign of your hosts,
Ye bore aloft—and in its name
Ye made your only boast.

The mighty conquests tell :
For fame your name records,
By thousands in your ranks that fell—
The battle was the Lord's !

The glorious triumph song,
The shout of victory,
Exulting echoed loud and long,
And reached us o'er the sea :

PART 3d. C. M.

Swell ! swell on high the holy strain,
Loud let the echo rise ;
While joy, responsive o'er the main,
Shall, mingling, reach the skies.

With kindred zeal, and brother-heart,
In bliss this day we meet,
Though ocean's waves our bodies part,
Our souls each other greet.

Together we this day retrace
The way our God hath brought,
And shout, exulting in his grace,
Behold what God hath wrought !

Our blood-stained ensign just the same
Doth o'er our Zion wave,
Proclaiming, faith in Jesus' name,
Can to the utmost save.

Our Israel numbering thousands strong,
Encamped o'er hill and dale,
United in triumphant song,
This day each other hail.

Then onward ! onward ! is the word,
The watchword !—let it sound,—
Let it through all our hosts be heard,
And o'er the ocean bound.

Nor be our potent banner furled ;
Deem not the victory gained,
'Till all the kingdoms of this world
Are for our Christ obtained.

PART 4th, 6's. 8's.

Bring in your tithes ! haste to the call
Our Zion's welfare this demands ;
Her claims are loud, and great and small
Must come with open heart and hands—
Crowd to her courts on this glad day,
Your vows and your thank-offerings pay.

Ah ! shall we trace what God hath wrought,
And words alone our thanks declare ?
And future age remember nought
That shall their bless'd inscription bear ?
No ! no ! a hundred years ago,
In point, in spirit, answers no !

The echo of the former time—
The spirit of our sainted sires,
That hover o'er these scenes sublime,
The full heart's tribute now requires,
And asks, that time's o'erturning page
Should read the spirit of our age.

Say ! shall the hand of ardent zeal
Leave deeds inscribed, that shall be read
Upon our holy Zion's wall,
When we are numbered with the dead ?
And unborn thousands bless the day
We came our grateful vows to pay ?

Yes ! bring your tithes, 'tis God's command ;
Still high aloft your banner bear ;
Let it be seen throughout our land,
That holiness is written there :
And body, soul, and goods record
Your all, as given to the Lord.

DOXOLOGY.

Now let the long, loud swell of praise,
Resound anew throughout our host ;
Let every lip the triumph raise,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Burst through our land ! bound o'er the sea :
And to our God hold jubilee.

In glancing
have come
week, we
gence, tha
are still ke
sition of p
leading di
so nearly
determine
The Q
Lisbon, o
Britain, a
arrival in
Chartists,
and the er
by the civ
mults and
dable bod
several in
rate viole
some par
and outst
several b
a number
thorities
in order t
The af
more set
the Pari
meeting
is likely t
for what

SHIPW
three hu
having s
eastward
35 days
The m
of almos
several c
curren a
they we
and soo
them fro
to flee f
protect
without
In this
amidst
happy t
inhabita
est kind
creature
homely
The c
ful lang
crew w
of the
Saturda
sels to
mane in
in their
and to n
have r
found e
has bee
St. Job
their in